

PUSSY GRAZER



Pussy

Editors:

Annie Thing
Glennnda Orgasm

Contributors:

Annie Thing
Glennnda Orgasm

Ed Oh!

Jane Farrow

Brenda Sexual
Prissy Pussy
and

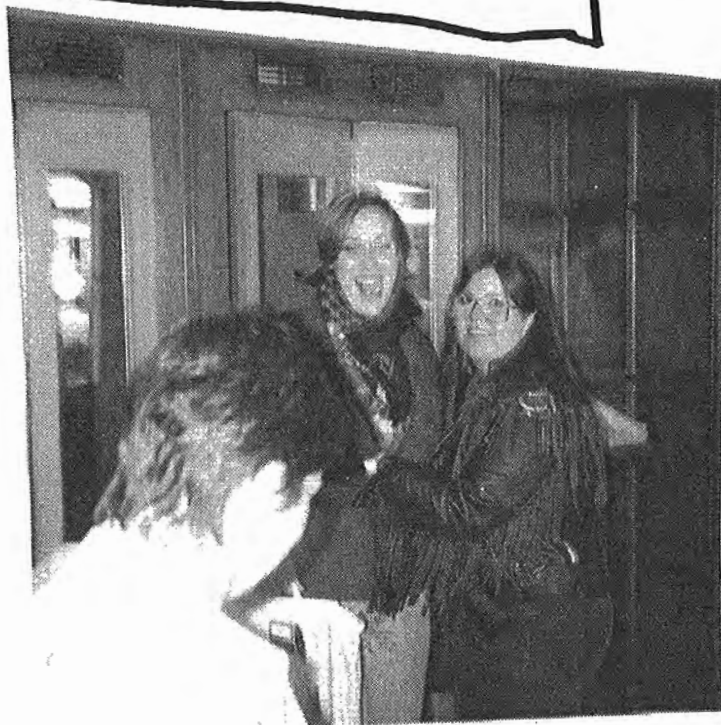
Tough Tit Dog

Grazer

On the Cover:

Basic Instinct's
Sharon Stone.

WRITE TO:
PUSSY GRAZER
c/o Sexual Orgasm
Productions
PO Box 20553
Tompkins Square Sta.
New York, NY 10009



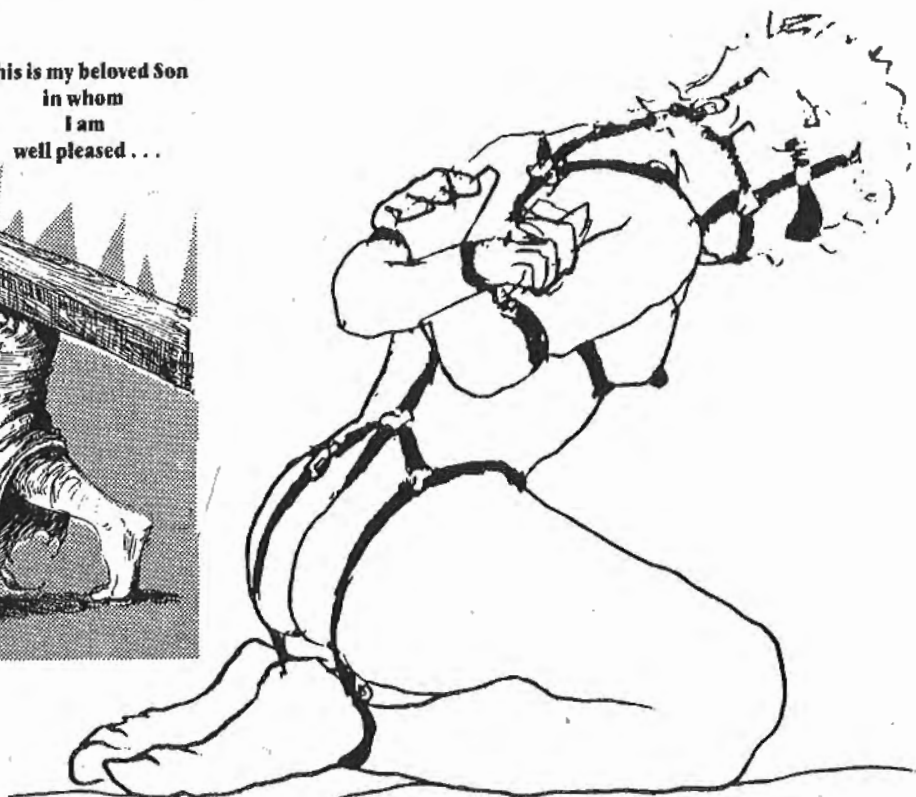
Me and Dorothy Allison at OUTWrite
Glennnda and I spoke on the
zine panel.

ANTI PC RAMPAGE

Well known activists are on a politically incorrect rampage, sources say. Brenda Sexual, Glennda Orgasm and Annie Thing were spotted exiting the Boston premiere of *Basic Instinct* with an entourage that included Bruce La Bruce and several skinheads. Witnesses claim the motley gang was smiling and that Ms. Thing and Ms. Orgasm were flipping through their week-at-a-glances, making a date to see the film a second time. Later that week, Thing and Orgasm reportedly went to the popular East Village bar, McSorley's, where they drank \$1.25 Miller drafts and wrote the agenda for that week's Bisexual Political Action Committee (BiPAC) meeting.

"I don't understand what's going on," said a confused Jay Blotcher, a well known homosexual activist. "I used to see them at Act-Up meetings all the time, but not anymore. The other day I turned on the television and Brenda and Glennda were answering phones for *The 700 Club*. I just don't get it."

This is my beloved Son
in whom
I am
well pleased . . .



1-6-92

HEY ANNIE THING

PUSSY GRABER #2 LOOKS GREAT! -

PERHAPS THERE'S SOME VERY FUNNY &
CLEVER ITEMS

THANKS FOR THE ^{ALL} RECOMMENDATION

WE'LL INCLUDE YOU GUYS IN ISH#5

RECOMMENDED ZINES LIST - I LOVE THAT
THERE IS A ^{NEW} NY ZINE AROUND!!

KISS KISS

♥

STACY (MAYBE DATES GIRLFRIEND)
(THAT WAS SO FUNNY)

P.S. SORRY WE DIDN'T
GET TO CHAT MORE
AT THE SYMPOSIUM...

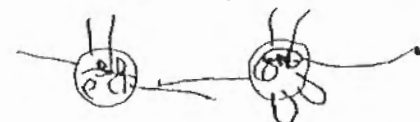
HEY THING -
STELLAR, WASTE - #2! AT THE SYMPOSIUM...
THANK U THING #2. I HAVE SEEN DREAMS
IN LITTLE PENCILS, TO, HAVE A CONSEQUENCE!
PG #2 IS FUN! SEE YA THING
-ANNIE

NEWSFLASH!!

Stacy + Diane of Hot head
are girlfriends! This
was confirmed when
Stacy put her hand
on Diane's knee in
the car on the way
up to the Outwrite
conference, and later
reinforced when I
noticed they shared
a bed in their
hotel room and were
making out all the
time. -Annie

This is a letter
from someone
I went to high
school with
and saw at
outwrite.

She is a dyke
now and dates
the Hothead
girls friend +
photog. Jody.
Yay for happy
endings. -Annie



EMILY - GOOD TO SEE YOU AT
OUTWRITE '92. GOOD TO KNOW THAT THERE
ARE OTHER DYKES FROM G.H.S!! CRAZY
'ZINE YOU GOT GOING! LUCK
TO IT! CALL WHEN IN TOWN!



TANKS
WEAPONS AND
FISTS FULL OF LOVE
Grand Mistress
Melly Mel

12.26.91
Dear Glenda & Annie
Well better late than
never.

Your Zine rules!
I loved your case study
on the Lesbian Hypothalamus.
Your Kimberly Bergalis
piece was right on
target. She and her
Right Wing friends
almost cost most of
my coworkers their
jobs and lives.

I've enclosed a few
extra buttons for you
and your friends. (Annie)
Deke and I no longer
have because we

dared to attack
Mr. Johnson. Do you
know I ran his
tax shelter (Epicenter
Zone) for 2 years and
that fuck wouldn't let
me advertise in MRR.
Well gotta run.
Deke and I hope to
see you at Spow II.

All the best
CLAY.
P.S. Here is our
October issue.

Pussy Grazer
c/o Sexual Orgasm Production
Box 20553
Tompkins Square Station
New York, NY 10009

Dear Pussy Grazer,

Thanks for your fine contribution to lesbian literature. I saw a
copy of PG in a bookstore, and I was hoping that you might be
willing, even eager, to donate a copy to the Lesbian Herstory
Archives where your work will be preserved and cherished forever.

If possible, please mail a copy to: LHA, Box 1258, NY, NY 10116.
Thanks.

Yours,

CLAY
LHA Volunteer

Dearest pussy grazers - especially the likes
of Glenda Orgasm, Annie Thing + Chris Tron...

i love it so much that i say your names
out loud as if you're right here all the time.
By far the best fanzine i've seen in long time
(except for my fave grml zine Bitch Kill)
So Bruce la Bfuer writes + hangs with you
kids now? i'm all into g.b.j., myself.

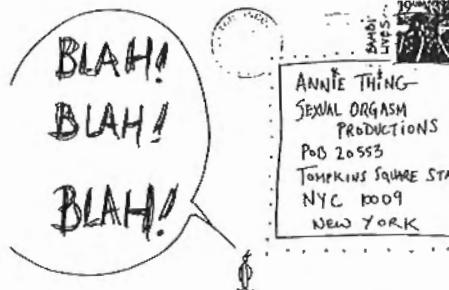
i especially ♥ your condom page (stepped!) and
the Trash interview + the dissing interviews
secret. So here's our zine - please

don't dis too hard! Also i included some
pics of that San Fran band Tribe 8 -

i ♥♥♥ those grmls. Do you have any
Joan Jett stories to swap? sightings?

Is that Star Fucker Star Madonna thing true?
(whatever that means!) Glenda, you're the
real star ~~~~~ Bye

♥ Allison Gerns

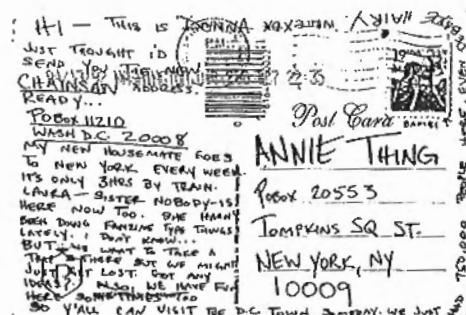


Hi Ms. Thing ...

Thanks for Pussy Grazer! So tell me - what's
the deal with Tina's Hair Removal
products? Uh... are you quite or boy?
Do you have to live in New York to be
"In the Know"?

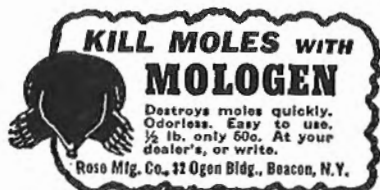
#2 of Brat Attack comes out in Feb. +
i'll send you a copy. Meanwhile i'm sitting
down with a pen and a code book to
decipher your mag.

SPEN! Gosh, i'd like to! If not my probably
my crime partner, Christine, or Fish...



1000 LETTERS TO THE

Pussy Grazer



Is it any secret that director Paul Verhoeven was twitting the buddy-buddy relationships of heterosexual men by setting one of the scenes of the two cops in a gay bar? Isn't it also obvious that Verhoeven's sympathies lie not with the cop, Nick Curran, who mouths homophobic remarks, but with the "killer" bisexual, Catherine Tramell?

One does not have to be a lesbian feminist to note that it is the bisexual heroine who is the top.

Bob Chappetta
Manhattan

January 13, 1992

Glorinda Oquinos
Pussy Grazer
c/o Sexual Orgasms Productions
Post Office Box 20553
Tompkins Square Station
New York City, New York 10009

Darling:

Several New York queers who were in town over these nasty christian holidays have mentioned your publication. One of them actually had some nice things to say about it. Of course, we have heard plenty about the Brenda and Glorinda Show, but when we were last in New York for Wigstock we didn't have a chance to see (but that's what happens to you when you spend all your time looking for dick, not?).

We'd love to do more of this verbal schmooving, but we feel so soiled, so dirty. It feels like we're kissing your butt and we're still trying to wipe away the vestiges of certain other people.

Here is a copy of our humble publication. Bruce La Bruce told us he thinks that it, like all our other stuff, is "cleverly designed." Vaginal Davis thinks "it's slick and designy." We can't speak for anyone else, but we like it and that's what counts. We're looking forward to your comment, nonetheless, and a copy of your thang.

XXXXXXXXXX

Fluffy Boy
Fluffy Boy

Dear Pussy Grazer girls,
Thank you sooo much for sending us a copy of your zine. Here's a copy of ours. It's from this summer though. We're slowly working on a new one. Once it's done I'll be sure to send it to you. Hey, have you seen or heard about the 7" some one put out called "Where are they Now file"? It's a bootleg of 4 bands, No means no, Jello Biafra w/ chumba wumba, Gray matter, AND L7. It also has w/ it a compilation of parts of different zines including G-Force, Excedra, Homo core, Bikini Kill, and many more. It makes a great zine of its own. It's really incredible, so if you see it it's worth the money. Also the book "Angry Women" is AMAZING!

G-Force has moved to T.E.S.C. E-108 Olympia, WA 98505.
We must keep the girl zine lines going nation wide. I think your zine is incredible. REVOLUTION GIRL STYLE NOW!!

G-Force's Girlz Tracy & Melissa

XOX
Tracy



Friends Call Driver, 74, Kindly and Alert

Last week anti-abortion activist and church lady, Stella G. Maychick, got out of control, when she drove her car at 60 mph into a crowd in Washington Square Park. Stella, it seems, was upset about the March on Washington for Choice and Operation Rescue's inability to close down abortion clinics in Buffalo. Mrs. Maychick saw what she thought was Ruth Zimmerman, 76 and her friend Carol Trocchia, 84, planning a clinic-defense. Stella put her foot down on the gas-pedal and plowed into the crowd



George Tice

I'M PRO-LIFE AND I MAIM!

that was hanging out in the park on this lovely spring day. A bystander saw her fly by with a crazed look in her eye, chanting: 'Kill the preverts, not the pre-born'. She had a life-size doll of Timothy, the abortion victim, bobbing his head in the rear window. She was hell-bent on vengeance for what some members of WHAM did to their banner in D.C. a couple of weeks prior, so she took it out on Ruth and Carol two pro-choice militants. While she was at it she took three other people with her, and injured and amputated several others. People are wearing 'Survivor of Stella, and Pro-Choice' T-shirts around NYU.

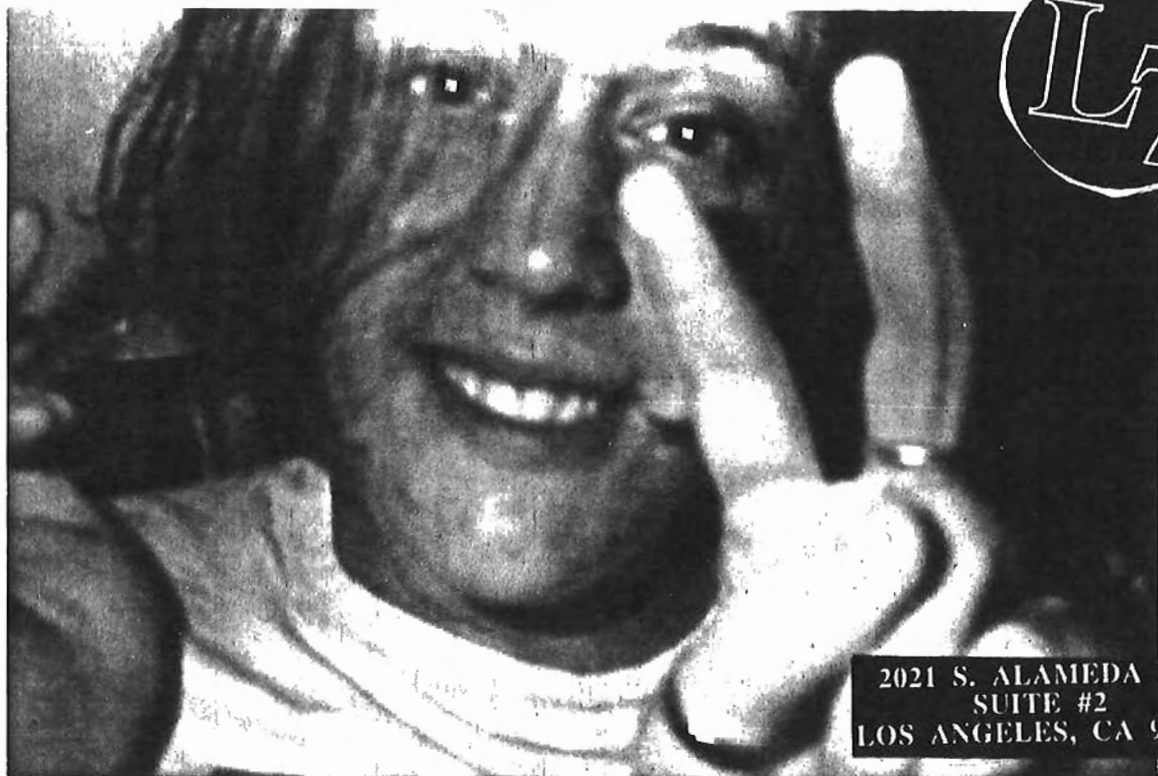


WOULD YOU KILL THIS FETUS?

Are you tired of the harvesting of unborn drag-queens?

Join EQUAL RIGHTS FOR UNBORN DRAG QUEENS,

and make a difference .



This is not about a trend, or about being a posturing punk zine editor. Its slamming with cute girls so sweaty the shampoo smell reads above the usual smoke and beer exhaust. Dancing from places other than my hips for a change, to a thrash that doesn't care if I am jumping up and down and isn't about to wait for me. L7 is women's music as it should be-- an all girl punk band. "Hey tiger, easy, and keep your elbows out of the hooters, Okay?" Donita Sparks was not about to take any of the shit the testosterone poisoned boys in the pit were gushing.

Its always weird when I go to a hardcore show. I always wish I have a cute punk girlfriend to hang on. Sometimes I want to fuck a lanky shirtless skate punk boy with one of those lean bodies. The thing is though, is that its great to be around a bunch of grungy people for a change from the usual gay kkkclub scene. At least there are no fucking lipstick Luppies wearing faux Chanel, sipping V&Ts and staring at me and the other poor tomboy freak girls across the room thinking 'Who let the dykes in?' What's that about community, sister?

It didn't matter that when the band was ready to start their set at the Marquee, they couldn't find the lead guitarist. The Lunachicks happily stood in for a while and played a cover of "Feel Like Makin' Love." Babes in Toyland were about to play a few, when Suzi arrived. Seems her food took a really long time.

So when Jennifer took her shirt off and was wearing a Rock for Choice T-Shirt, someone threw a new, sharp, white on black WHAM! pro-choice, pro-women, pro-health t-shirt up on stage, and the Donita told everyone to march on Washington on April 5th, talked about the Planned Parenthood benefit they were doing with Fugazi, and dedicated a song to Operation Rescue, it was then I knew that if I climbed up to the top of the highest speaker and dove face first into the crowd, I would be more likely to survive than if I tried to dance topless at the local fag bar on a Saturday night.

Photo: 9-0rgasm



ANNIF THING

HARDCORE L7 FAN



David Geffen, Barry Diller and Sharon Stone at Calvin Klein's recent fall '92 show



"So anyway... a priest, a rabbi and a Fag walk into this bar...."

But here at the *Sex Scene* Socio-Political Cultural Affairs Desk, we're always open to a debate. After reading and hearing about the numerous Queer Nation protests surrounding the filming and release of this Michael Douglas/Sharon Stone psychosexual thriller, we were ready to see the object of controversy for ourselves and make up our own damn minds. Kind of like we did with the Mapplethorpe photos, right?

Unfortunately, we picked the same showing at which some misguided, self-possessed homo activists chose to terrorize the undecided out of even seeing the film. One minute into *Instinct's* opening scene—a raunchy, barely soft-core het sex scene that leads to the male getting offed—a stink bomb was loosed in the theater.

The Queer Nation action, however, made us determined to sit through the potboiler. We were not about to have our right to see and hear controversial material and decide its value for ourselves taken away by anybody—not Jesse Helms and not the self-defeating “gay activists” who would have screamed bloody Mary if anyone had used these same tactics at the recent Gay and Lesbian Film Festival. Hate, it seems, knows no sexual preference.

SCREW



MARINO MARSHALL PRESENTS A CARTELLO FILM - PRODUCTION BY PAUL VERHOEVEN FROM MICHAEL DOUGLAS BASED UPON
 JEANETTE IMPELLERATION BY ELLEN MARKOWITZ WITH JERRY COLEMAN FRANK J. VONOSTE ART DIRECTOR TERENCE MARSH
 C.A.T. 1984 35mm RESTRICTED BY CARTELLO FILMS AND PAUL VERHOEVEN JEFFREY L. KATZ PRODUCED BY CARTELLO FILMS
 (C) 1984 CARTELLO FILMS

CROSSED CHANNELS: THE IMPACT OF DRAG IN THE MEDIA

by Glennda Orgasm

Let's hope it's more than just the latest hot trend - transvestites in the media - yes, the Gender Revolution is upon us. You won't hear about it from the Homosexual Media Mafia (also known as GLAAD) - they're too busy watching reruns of *LA LAW*. The current proliferation of TVs on TV strikes a deeper chord than the usual strain of tired gay politics. After last year's wave of drag kings, transsexuals and transgenderists dominated the discourse on shows like Nine Broadcast Plaza and Donahue, this year is proving to be just as fruitful. Possibly the most exciting example of this was the appearance of Linda Simpson (of *My Comrade* magazine and Channel 69 cabaret/cable show) on CNN's "Sonia Live". Appearing alongside her was Marjorie Garber, author of Vested Interests: Cross-Dressing and Cultural Anxiety (some of you fags out there should put down your copy of *Homo Xtra* for a moment and check out this important book). Not only was Ms. Simpson wearing a new wig and new earrings, but she also had some new food for thought for mainstream america to chomp on. She explained how her drag was not a mockery, but a homage to women and that it was a celebration of her feminine side. She also put out the idea that drag queens have always been treated like the black sheep of the gay community because they are too flamboyant and bring out gay male fears of femininity. I found this comment especially appropriate in light of the current atmosphere of post-Desert Storm conservatism, an affliction as deadly as AIDS, that has seeped into gay life. As the realities of transvestites, transsexuals, sex trade workers and fetishists are diluted and pushed further to the margins, more discrimination and intolerance toward these groups will occur. We are in the midst of an insidious clean-up campaign, similar to the one that mainstream lesbians and gays have imposed on the leather scene. The exceptions (*Paris is Burning*, *Tongues Untied*) are unfortunately not the rule. Many gays continue to gripe about drag media visibility, moralize about S/M, and, with the case of gay film festivals, are starting to turn down sexually explicit material (substituting *Barbarella* for Annie Sprinkle's/Maria Beatty's superb *Sluts and Goddesses*, for example). Forget about the War on Drugs. Welcome to the War on Sex.

RADIO FREE ORGASMS

Not as glamorous as CNN, but nearly as effective in reaching the status quo, Brenda Sexual and I (having appeared on both British and Australian television not long ago) were interviewed on a Toronto radio talk show recently. They heard about us by way of (fittingly enough) Milton Berle's publicist. The interviewers, "a couple of regular guys" started out by focusing on our last names, Sexual and Orgasm, which led to an interesting, albeit a little uneasy on their part, discussion about transsexual lesbians, sexual expression and censorship, nipple piercing for Jesus, and fetish envy. I imagined a host of late-night radio land Torontonians wanking off to this cheap alternative to phone sex, leaving them with something to think about for several days.



Trash, Brenda Sexual, Glenda Orgasm, Chris Teen, Maria Beatty and
Annie Sprinkle

GENDER MAKES A COMEBACK FOR FALL

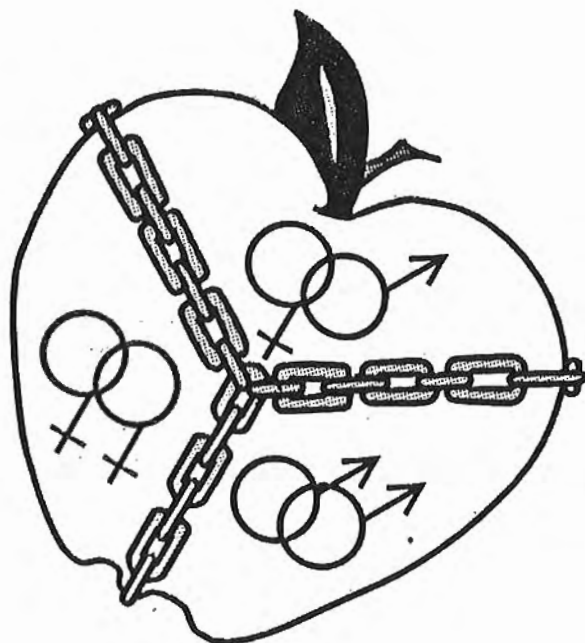
The fashion world, always a great back door for gender-benders to sneak through, has also been successful in bringing cross-dressing into the mainstream media. At Todd Oldham's Fall fashion extravaganza, Pyramid Club graduate Billy Erb worked his gender on the runway in a hand-painted silk organza skirt and scarf. The reviews of the show that subsequently appeared in the Daily News, Newsday and the NY Times all cited Billy as a "transvestite". When I questioned Billy on this classification, he seemed uncomfortable with this label, opting instead for "drag queen" (Drag Queen places more of an emphasis on performance whereas Transvestite carries a sexual implication). I find it interesting that the media, perhaps unknowingly, had chosen the term more closely associated with sexual deviance and perversion (I, needless to say, embrace these terms). Here we have fashion playing the role of bringing the notion of gender subversion into the public conscious and challenging established perceptions. As Franklin Furnace's Martha Wilson is fond of saying: "[It]..is the cure, the nonviolent means by which troubling thoughts in our collective unconscious may bubble to the surface, enter public debate and be resolved".



DRESSING
FOR
PLEASURE
TM

OUT: Trendy
queer seperatism.

IN: All
non-procreational
sex.



FISTING FOR JESUS

THE 700 CLUB, a praying for dollars family show, regularly showcases the crucifixion/penis envy fantasies of co-host Sheila Walsh (the Linda Televangelista of the fundamentalist set who graced the cover of *Pussy Grazer* #2). The show recently did a segment on the Operation Rescue - Pro-Choice war up in Buffalo. One clip highlighted a couple of gay men in drag as church ladies chanting "God is a Dyke!" When the camera turned to the show's other (infinitely less glamorous) host, Pat Robertson, he quickly offered an explanation to his faithful flock of viewers: "For those of you who don't know, a dyke is the man part of a lesbian relationship.

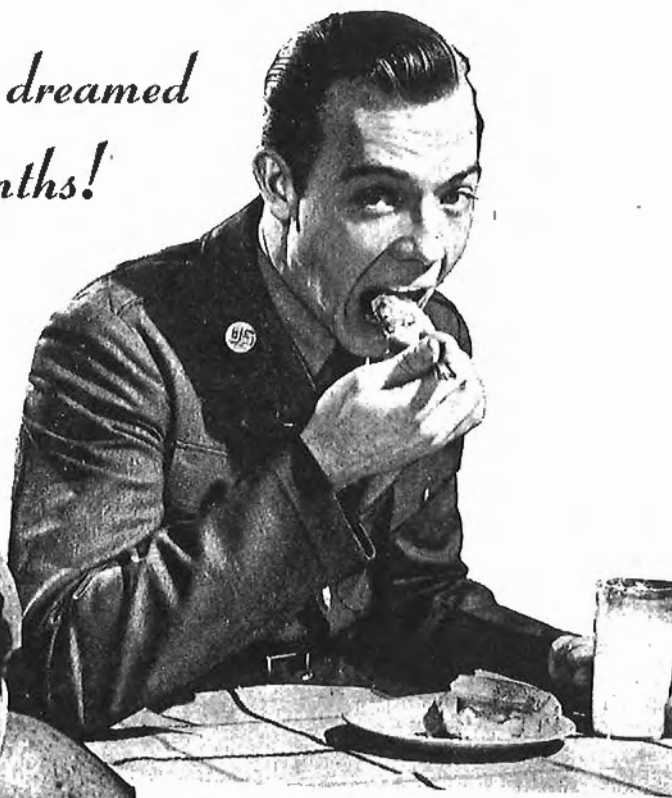
This is what they are saying of our holy Father. This is the sort of sickness and evil we are dealing with." He then went on to liken the cross-dressed demonstrators to Satan. (I truly envy ol' Ms. Evil himself for all the fun he must be having watching this mortal sit-com). It is interesting to note, however, that these demonstrators are the same bunch who have objected so strongly to "bad" lesbian film roles, have made sexist attacks on actress Sharon Stone and have supported the infantile act of setting off stink-bombs in movie theaters. Using (only for a moment) the palsied logic that "misrepresentation" fosters violence, is it safe to assume that the 700 Club's audience will feel inclined to queer-bash because they believe that homos are Satanic cross-dressers as well as ice-pick wielding psycho killers? (Nevermind the fact that christians wouldn't go to an R-rated film anyway, so perhaps our cross-dressed church ladies have done more harm than Ms. Stone could do with a hundred ice-picks.)

OPEN YOUR MIND

Mark my words, Gender consciousness and expansion will pave the way to true liberation, a form of liberation that is not contextualized by a rigid gay/straight dichotomy, but by an opening up of erotic expression and dialogue in the continuum of human sexuality. By letting go of the confining dogma of movement politics and exploring new possibilities, we will begin to bring about positive, substantial change.

(This has been a public service announcement brought to you by a drag queen faggot whose fantasy-of-the-week is to be dominated and fucked by a dyke with a strap-on dildo)

*Give them the food they've dreamed
and boasted of for months!*



BLONDIE



What do
you call
14 million
gay men
and
lesbians?*

“A dream
market.”

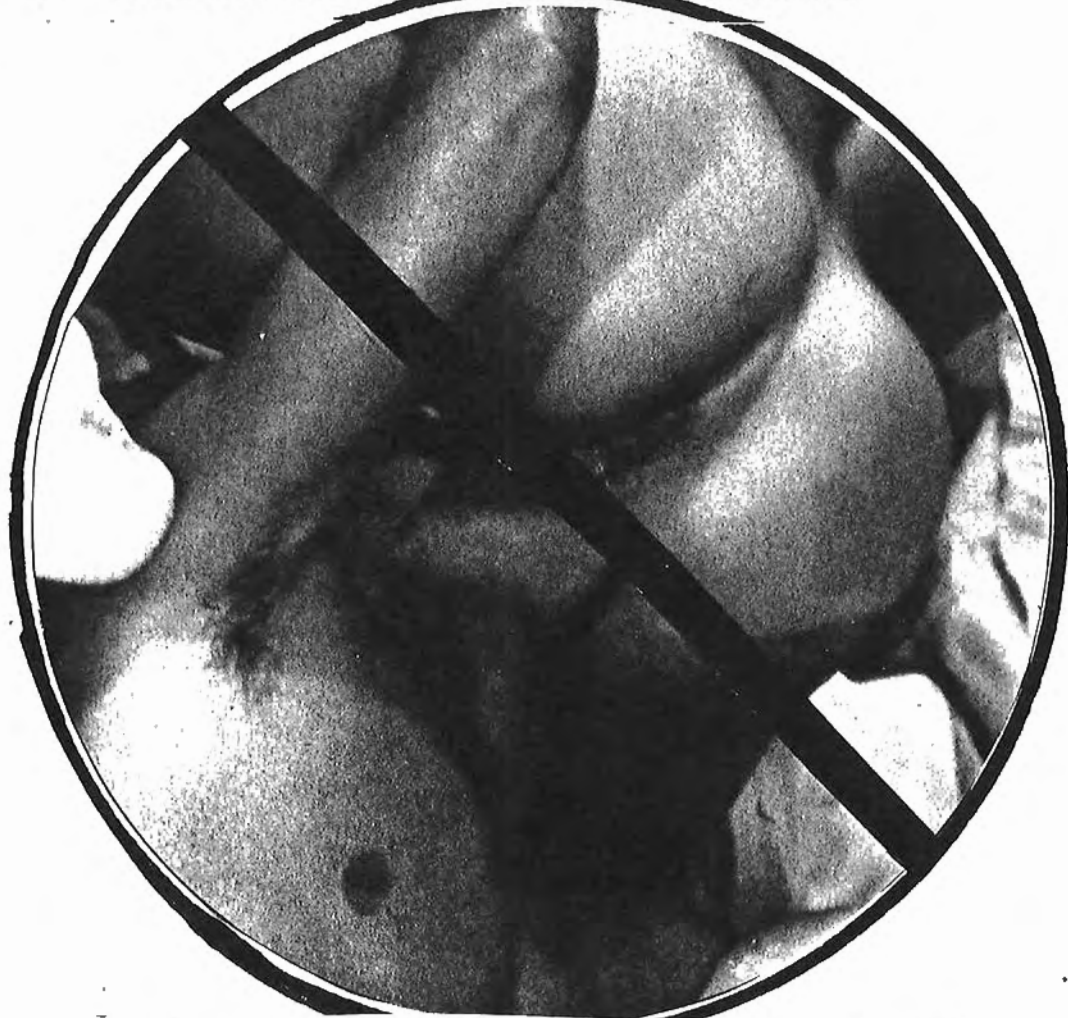
—*The Wall Street Journal***

**“If the gay
magazine
market
were a
neighborhood,
you would
say it
was being
gentrified.”**

—“Where the Boys
Are,” Folio’s
Publishing News,
August 15, 1991

OUT

Position Statement



OUT does not accept sex ads or sex-oriented phone lines. The magazine is committed to high-quality, upscale editorial content, design, and production—appropriate for major advertisers. Readers can put OUT on their coffee tables, read it on the plane, or show it to mom.

OUT's Extra-Special Market

Gay men and lesbians are much more than their sexuality. We are professionals, tourists, style makers, brand-aware consumers, homemakers, economic providers, aesthetes, car owners, party throwers, and very much consumers. We have the means and inclination to buy. (See OUT Research). OUT's professional standards and production make it the only vehicle for this market.

Coming your way in mid-June: More fodder in the War against sex and sexual expression. We here at Pussy Grazer managed to get our hands on the details of the behind the scenes market research, policy decisions and overall make-up of the new classist propaganda vehicle known as OUT magazine. As the Man (yes, all of the ideas for OUT seem to have been developed by one man) says above, "we" are not just about sex. We're about money, money, and more money. As post-Desert Storm conservatism reaches a fever pitch, desire for flesh is replaced by desire for property, new cars, and corporate empires run by power hungry assimilationists who hide behind a thin veneer of gay liberation. Blinded by greed, this elite group of individuals are in desperate pursuit of the false amerikan dream, aping the nuclear family-based model that has failed so miserably. It's no surprise that the vice-President of this country is a white, rich, sex-phobic fag.

7. Investment

❖ *Out* (and its related opportunities) is committed to making a nice profit for all investors. The president of a major publishing company recently said none of the big guys will start a gay magazine, but will all be in line when an entrepreneur does it right.

THE RUSH ^{SAFE} ~~5.4~~ On-the-Edge Style — ^{MAX} ~~The~~ Outlaw Factor
FOR LUXURY | DEFINE **WHAT GAY SHOULD BE?**

Every gay man or lesbian, no matter how conventional, is a bit of an "outlaw" for identifying as gay. And it is exciting. They are risk takers, willing to try new things. They push the limits of style and convention because to some degree they already have. Editorially, this translates into up-to-the-minute coverage in all areas. Articles will not be forced into a gay angle, just one that is of interest to our readers.

WHEN THREE CLICK MODELSTALK To EACH OTHER



OUT HIRES STRAIGHT CLICK MODELS
 TO PORTRAY LESBIAN SEXUALITY
 (see cover of outs #1 issue)
 OBVIOUSLY THE LESBIAN OUTLAW
 PROVES TOO MUCH FOR THEM

WHAT DO THEY TALK ABOUT?

Image-sensitive

Although much is still to be learned, Vitale said, there are some readily apparent differences between the purchasing behavior of gays and the rest of the population. Gay men are especially sensitive to image, for example. Open the refrigerator of a single, straight guy and there's probably "a six-pack of Red, White & Blue and some Cheez Whiz," while a single, gay man is likely to have "some Beck's Dark and brie" on hand.

Only in business one year, Overlooked Opinions has attracted clients in financial services, fashion, health care, food services, and travel. The firm has provided information on purchase behavior, basic demographics, and product concept testing.

Faced with tougher competition

urinarytract
 PROBLEMS
 VAGINAL FOAMS, I.U.D.S.
 bank accounts...

Budweiser
 QUEEN KING & CO.
 THE BEER OF CHOICE BY MANY OUTLAWS WHO DRINK AT LOCAL FAG DIVES. IS THIS TOO DOWNTOWN FOR OUT PUBLICATINS?
 original 6 12 FL. OZ. Bottles

Gay Market Grab-Bag

54.1% of gay male households earn annual incomes above \$50,000

29.7% of lesbian households earn annual incomes above \$50,000

14.1% of gay men are Republican

2.7% of gay men are fathers with custody of their kids half the year or more

POLITICAL FAUX PAS

97.3% of gay men couldn't adopt kids if they wanted to

HENCE, THE FOLLOWING ^{WOMEN} CONDESCENDING STATISTIC

15.6% of lesbians have four or more pets (cats and dogs)

Maintaining a cat's health is important.

MORE IMPORTANT THAN CHILDREN WHO SUFFER FROM POVERTY WHO COULD OTHERWISE BE ADOPTED BY SAME SEX COUPLES.

Gays make a lot of dough, spend it like mad and are 25 million-strong — about the size of the black population. Why, then, are marketers ignoring this gold mine?



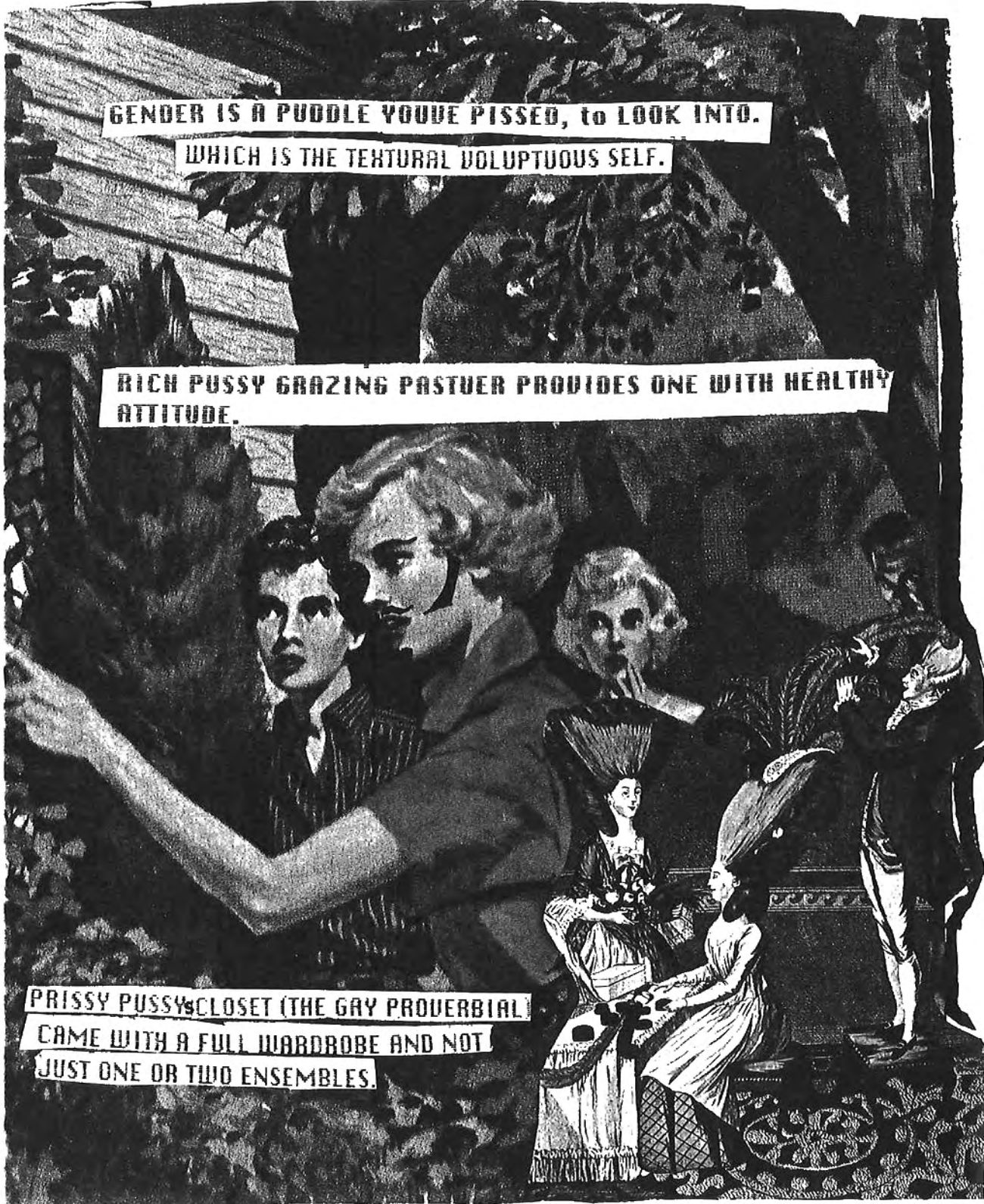
Jewelle Gomez

GENDER IS A PUDDLE YOU'VE PISSED, to LOOK INTO.

WHICH IS THE TEXTURAL VOLUPTUOUS SELF.

RICH PUSSY GRAZING PASTUER PROVIDES ONE WITH HEALTHY ATTITUDE.

**PRISSY PUSSY'S CLOSET (THE GAY PROVERBIAL)
CAME WITH A FULL WARDROBE AND NOT
JUST ONE OR TWO ENSEMBLES.**



suckle the breast, FUCK the snake and DEVOUR
tacky shit it can buy: see shocking gray catalogue),
taint nothin homo about homoginization. aint
that she has never wanted to be a QUEEN. it buzzes;



tuff dog cock

tuff dog is in HEAT. two LIPS breath FIRE.

tuff dog LOVE sights these as HORS d'oeuvre;

tuff guru dog and mother prissy plethora pussy say;



The Sermon According to the Madonna
the complete

the putrid apple of moral discourse so that ye

the sexiness of many choices, expieriences, LAYTER
gloves, fresh air, BUTT plugs, pussy packers, LOVE CHAINS
the television injects its infectious virus.

then and only then will she consider landing. TUFF LUV
through contrived manipulations; money, (all the
to break from the stranglehold that societys
tough love dog boy and prissy pussy suckle

understanding of family than our dear politicos),
upon ideas that provide SEXUAL cultivation.
waiting for the POLITICAL SOCIAL STRATUM of
wander when given a SEXY chance.

HNERE HOMORSEXUAL OBOYGIRL STONGUEFUCKE EASYLUVX

before removing the detachable love stick to fuck fist
clenched into the crowning touch which is
TOMORROWTODAYALWAYS. always.



YOUAREYOURVERYOWNVAGINALLOTUSSEXYGRAYBUTTLOVEICON

This girl
took me home
and tied me up



THE **SAFE WORD** WAS

Connie Francis

I JUST LAID THERE

QUACKY
&
WACKY

THE WE HATE WOMAN WITH POWER IN FILM WORKING GROUP OF KOOKY NATION IS HAVING A GORILL ACTION FOLOWING TONIGHTS MEETING...

KOOKY NATION

WE'RE PINK - WE STINK - WE NEED A GOOD SHRINK

BASIC INSTINCT IS HOMOPHOBIC WE HAVE TO STOP IT !!!

ABSOLUT KOOKY

ABSOLUT KOOKY

Z Z Z

HEY HEY HO HO KOOK-A-PHOBIA HAS

BLEEET BLEEET

HOLLYWOOD HATES MEN

OH OH OH THAT'S HOMOPHOBIC

OH GOD THAT'S MISOGYNY

OH...OH...OH...OH

NOW FOR MY SECRET WEAPON... SMOKE BOMBS

I JUST DOWNED A TAP THIS MOVIE IS CRAP OH MY GOD I NEED A NAPI!

HURRY

THIS ONE'S FROM CATHRINE ASSHOLE

I DON'T NEED ANY LOCKSUCKER TO TELL ME WHAT MISOGYNY IS

OK WHICH OF YOU KOOKS WANTS TO DIE FIRST

THIS IS THE LAST TIME YOU'LL STOP ME FROM SEEN CATHRINE'S PUSKY ASSHOLE!

JOHN K. COONEY

Since this was the only issue on K.N.'s agenda this meeting and since it's still too cold for the Summer Kook-a-thon's our senseless losers headed for the theatre to catch the early showing of Basic Instinct where some fierce dykes were planning a fierce counter demonstration



MY FANZINE FRIENDS by GLENDA ORGASM

This past leap-year weekend I was fortunate enough to leave the piss-smelling streets of NY for a too-brief visit to Los Angeles for the west coast premiere of the video I co-produced ("Gender Cruise on the Circle Line") and the next leg in the Pussy Grazer book tour (SPEW 2), both of which took place at LACE gallery. I found a lot of things to be bigger and better in sunny LA: instead of small, shitty apartments, Angelinos live in spacious houses, instead of Lady Bunny, LA has The Goddess Bunny and instead of sanitizing the realities of criminals, hustlers and psycho killers, many LA queers fetishize and embrace them.

As soon as I got off the plane I was whisked off to the Sissy Club where I was thrown into a room with fanzine editors such as Steve Lafreniere and Billy from Straight to Hell and other fabulous divas like Glen Meadmore and Deandra Peek.

My Abbreviated Guide to People I Think You Should Know

Joan Jett Blakk - After hearing so much about each other, we were excited to finally meet in person at the Sissy Club. During the fanzine fair, Joan held a press conference for ABC News and announced her bid for presidency. Work that media, sister! My only problem now is I'm torn between voting for Joan or Eileen Myles (the 1st open lesbian official write-in candidate). If Joan wins, tho, she's promised me a position in her cabinet as Official Secretary of Drag Queen Gossip. (Stay tuned for a debate between Joan and Eileen on an up-coming episode of "The Brenda and Glenda Show"!)



Joan Jett Blakk rocks the vote!

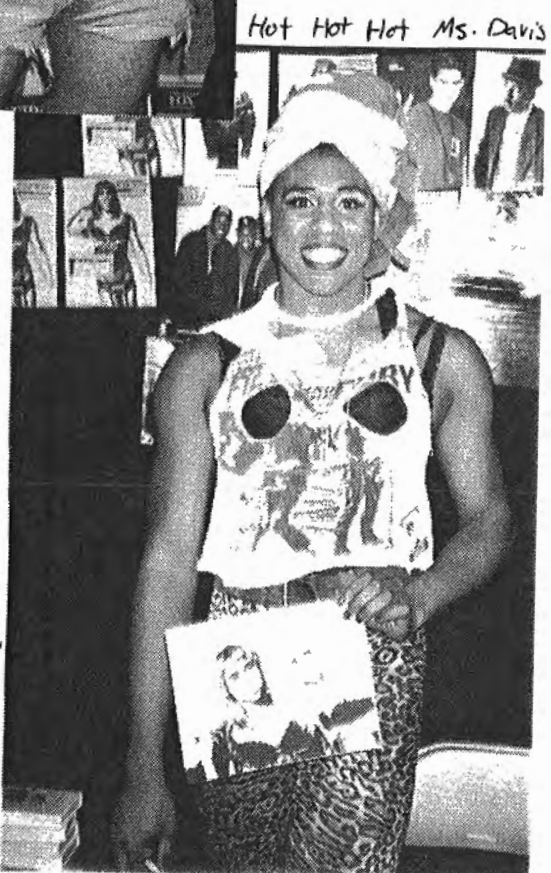
Klaus Von Brucker - Klaus and I did the tourist thing and made a trip to glamorous Hollywood Boulevard and checked out all the foot and hand prints at Grouman's Chinese Theater. We tried to pull a Lucy and Ethel by stealing Natalie Woods' footprints, but there were

too many people wathing. However I did manage to write GLENNDA ORGASM in black magic marker in one of the empty stars in the sidewalk. We managed to escape from the police by taking cover in the Hollywood Wax Musuem where we noticed that the replica of Kiss' Paul Stanley was displaying mucho pubic hair in his low-cut sequined outfit.



No skin off Natalie Woods' tuchus

Vaginal Creme Davis - I finally met the sexational blacktress herself and i was not disappointed. Definitely one of the high points of SPEW was the appearance of her band CHOLITA-the female Menudo. Punky salsa with lyrics in Espanol y Ingles, Latino homeboy drag king go-go dancers who slammed their way through the crowd, and Vag's call-to-arms to overthrow the white power structure - CHOLITA is a force to be reckoned with. Fun and sexy, but also confrontational and dangerous, it made something like NY's Boy Bar look like The Lawrence Welk Show.



Hot Hot Hot Ms. Davis

A queen has got to be extreme

Bruce LaBruce - Bruce and I shared a table at the fanzine fair. A veritable whirlwind of satiric (?) self-marketing, Ms. Blab signed 8x10 prints of himself, wore a label that proclaimed he was trademarked, and deviously tried to cover up my Brenda and Glennda advertisement poster with a wall-sized "No Skin Off My Ass" promo. During the press riot that ensued, a certain affluent

fanzine financier rudely photographed Bruce, Klaus and moi without our consent for destructive purposes obvious to those of you in the know. His camera and lighting equipment were so expensive and elaborate that I felt like I was at a photo shoot for Italian Vogue. He and his partner in grime were busy handing out a tract that contained anti-Bruce propaganda. Don't believe the tripe. There are two sides to every story.

I ♥ Bruce LaBruce™



Riot boyz Clay + Deke



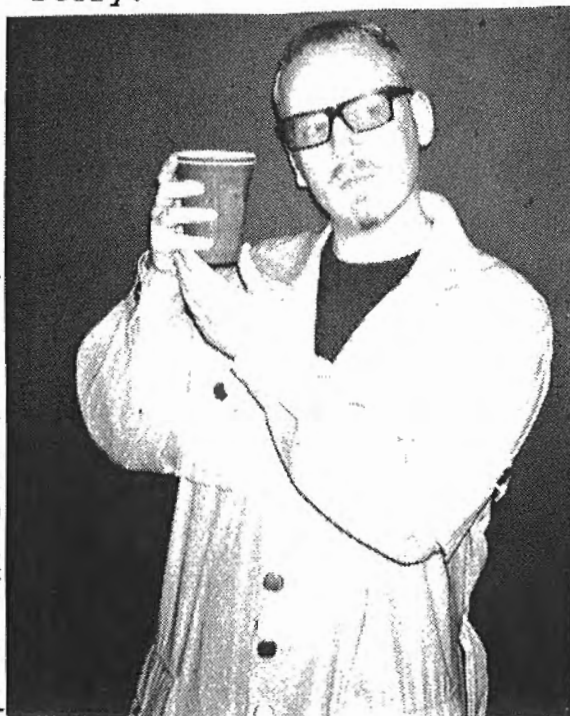
M.A.S.K. - The Mothers Against Serial Killers are a group of mysterious dykes who give money to mothers of butchered victims by selling t-shirts that both exploit and iconize folks like Jeffrey Dahmer and Ted Bundy. As their acronym implies, their wonderfully perverse psycho killer fetish cult is masked by their good deeds. At first these gals were annoyed that I kept following them around, but when they realized that psycho killers made me wet too, they invited me to go car-crash watching with them.

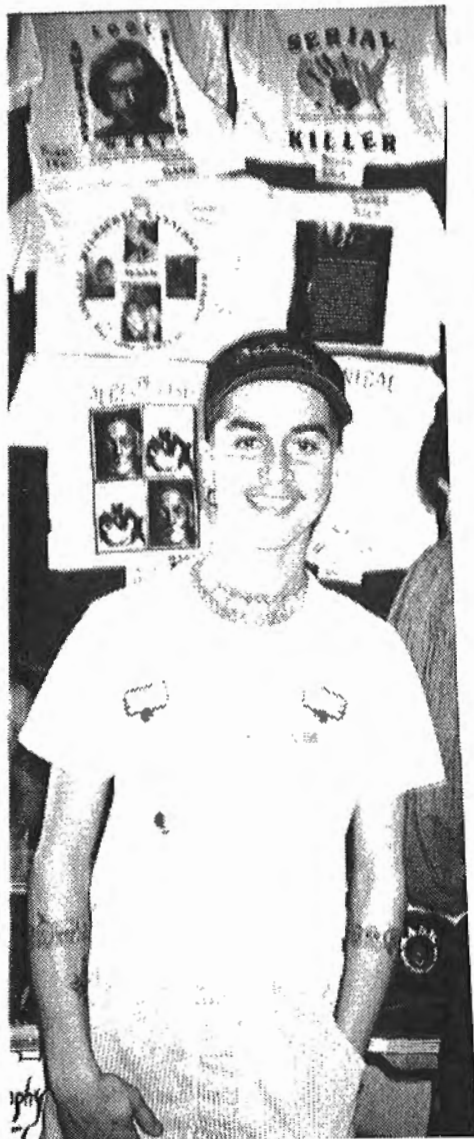
Clay and Deke - Those queenpins of the SF homocore scene featured the latest in riot fashion gear with L7 tees, anarcho-homo

logos and Amerikan flag shorts replete with eye-catching anarcho-homo bulge. At the party at the Park Plaza Hotel we exchanged jokes about a certain SF drag ego-activiste who is being sued by Jombie of Pee Wee's Playhouse for stealing his look. They also informed me that the cover photo of Dead Kennedys' "Fresh Fruit..." is from the White Night Riots. Would it have been too much for ole Miss Jello to have let me know that when I was a lonely, alienated fag way back when?

Jeffrey Hilbert - Editor of Sin Bros. and creator of the hottest gay club night on the west coast - Trade - I was lucky enough to be driven around by Mrs. Hilbert from one exciting event to another. At a party at "The Gaslight", he introduced me to the one and only Shirley Jones' wacky assistant who boasted about "frying tortillas every morning with Sean Cassidy". At the Cholita show, Jeffrey was working his fierce gold coat given to him by Glamazon Barbara Le May. Hey ya'll who dissed Jeffrey for not answering Sin Bros. mail - he wasn't getting his mail at his new address for a year because the post office wasn't forwarding his mail from the address printed in Sin Bros. There are two sides to every story.

Fierce attitude was featured by Mrs. Hilbert





ask gal trades t-shirts for ice-picks

Goddess Bunny - One of the most intriguing drag personalities I have ever met, Bunny is a disabled starlet who turns tricks from her wheelchair on Santa Monica Blvd. and also stars in hardcore porno flicks. While I watched her perform from afar at the Sissy Club I remarked



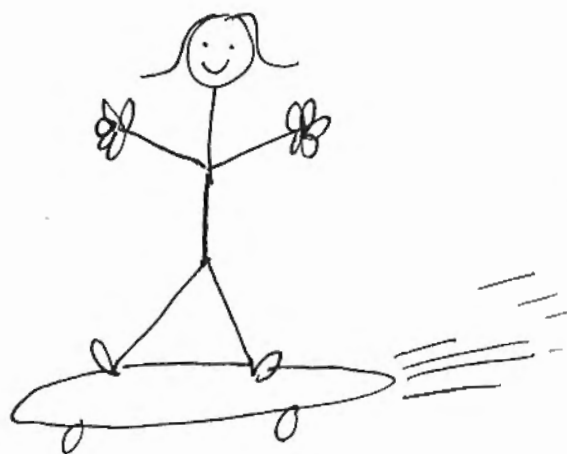
Bow down and worship the Goddess

to Glen Meadmore "How tired, a drag queen lipsynching 'Vogue'" "Take a closer look" he said. I did and I was both aroused and appalled by the extent of her deformity. We must figure out a way to get her a gig in this tired, old town.

Special thanks to Mrs. Glass for letting me stay at his groovy house and also to Kent Fuher for making me laugh non-stop my last night out in LA.

My psychology teacher told us to take out a piece of paper and draw a person - the whole body - not just the face.

I drew this:



Every morning
I wake up
glad to be
a punk.

Then he held it up in front of the class and analyzed it.

He could tell that my parents split up when I was little and I move around a lot. I just wanted to skateboard in the su

DANGER

hot dish

by BRENDA SEXUAL!

Recovering addicts and alcoholics all over the city were deeply upset last month when they found out the real reason why the 12-step book shop on 7th Street in the East Village had been closed down.

It turns out the place was being used as a front for a drug operation. Sheila W., a recovering crack and heroin addict, was quoted as saying 'I always wondered why all the people who worked there seemed so un-serene, and none of the literature was ever available'. It has been replaced by a fetish-store.

Pat Robertson, of the 700 Club, is in hot water over his '88 presidential campaign. It seems he overspent his campaign by \$ 2 million and had received illegal campaign contributions. It's a miracle that nobody cares, normally the press would have a field day with this one!

Sheila Walsh, also from the 700 Club, was asked how she felt about being featured on the cover of Pussygrazer II. She replied: 'I don't know what these sick Homosexuals and Lesbians see in 'little me'. I guess if they've

(over)



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accepted Christ in their lives, it's OK. The other day I saw all these secular humanist drag-queens in the mall fawning over crystals, I thought to myself, don't they know how dangerous these things are, they are the tool of SATAN! Shirley Maclaine says in her book, I am God, I am God, no Shirley, you are not God!'. Right after that Pat Robertson came in with her pure Heroin Enema to calm her down. Then they proceeded to pray.

After the German occupation of France in WWII, the French did their best to purge France of collaborators. They went after prostitutes, who were merely doing their jobs in order to survive during the occupation, shaved their heads and led them around town, spat on them and yelled insults at them. The real collabos, the butchers, grocers, mayors, and chiefs-of-police etc., went unharmed because of the mysogyny and sex-phobia of the angry mobs. A parallel can be drawn between what happened in 1944 and a couple of weeks ago at the taping of Saturday Night Live starring Sharon Stone. A group of predominately male activists heckled the star of Basic Instincts, the allegedly homophobic movie. Granted the film was loaded with clichés and wasn't exactly Oscar material, but Catherine, the bi-sexual psycho-killer, was a juicy role played brilliantly by Miss Stone. First off the chants hurled at the star were unintelligible, had I not known in advance that Action Tours was doing this, I would really have had no idea what was going on. I would just have assumed that an unruly bunch of drunks got out of hand and had to be subdued. Secondly no one has the right to zap a woman for accepting a good female lead. In the future go after the real culprits, you kooks!

**GOING AWAY?
GO GAY!**

**patronize Pussygrazer
Advertisers**



Tribe 8 is a self professed 'girl band for girlz', (and if you don't get their name look up tribade in the dictionary). They're a bunch of grungy, crunchy, smart and sleazy homosexuals, but, *surprise surprise*, not every gay girl's cup of herbal tea in their native San Francisco. One woman I met went out of her way to tell me she thought they were "rude, obnoxious and nasty, and can't even play their instruments". That's when I knew for sure I'd like them.



Here's the juicy bits from a conversation with the girlz. Present and accounted for at the chin-wag were Leslie (guitar), Lynne Breedlove (vocals), and Mahia (bass). Unavailable for comment were drummer Kat and guitarist Flipper.

The Tribe has been playing around San Francisco for about a year and have sold out of their first 8-song cassette which includes the now classic tunes Neaderthal Dyke, Powerboy (about police brutality), Lezophobia and 1 Party 2 Many. The girlz are slated to put out a couple of indie singles soon and will also appear on an upcoming compilation featuring such denizens of the thriving underground as Bikini Kill, 7 Year Bitch and the Lucy Stoners. Their contribution is called "I Just Wanna Manipulate My Girlfriend". Hmm, sounds like something you might want to pawn your Barbie-doll dildo collection for. Anyway, they're planning to do some touring this spring and might even get to Europe this summer, so check your local listings and don't miss 'em.

Dear Bussy Nyazari:

I am sending you this interview with Tribe II and hope that you can use it. They were real nice girls. I managed to see a copy of PG in San Fran on my way north from Mexico to Vancouver. It looks way cool, the Bruce la Bruce secret tapes were wickedly funny...good work. Loved X-teen's interview with the trash-woman, what journalistic skills that woman has.

Anyway, I hope you liked Suzie Homemaker and I wanted to keep contributing to your trashy mag. so hope you can use something like this. Please let me know if you are not going to as I will try to put it in J.D.'s, or something Laura MacDougal's putting together. Let me know, also please send me a copy if you get it in, don't think I can get the grater up here in Van....

Jane Farrow

1776 East 4th Ave.
Vancouver BC
V5R 1K1



Leslie: We've been together for about a year. I went to this party and Lynne and Flipper and Kat were playing and it was the first thing they ever did, and they had maybe 4 songs that they kept playing over and over.

Lynne Breedlove: There were five actually and we made them up in one week.

L: And I thought, that's cool. Then Lynne started yelling that they needed a bass player and I said I'll play bass and jam with you and she started yelling "hey, we got a bass player". I didn't know any of them and they didn't know each other really well either.

LB: We called Kat and asked her if she could play drums and she said 'well, I haven't played in four years, but I'll give it a shot.

Mahia: I never knew all this.

L: Then we started playing in the back room of someone's house and it was really loud.

LB: We had to sound-proof it because the landlord's wife was dying or something.

Jane F: You didn't contribute to her death at all did you?

LB: Well, I don't think she died but we did have to move out.

L: So we had to find a real practice space and we figured if we had more people in the band it would be cheaper, so that's when I switched to guitar and we got Mahia on bass.

M: Oh that's how it happened, oh my god, I'm so pissed off.

LB: Mahia actually sounds the best though cuz she actually has experience on her instrument.

L: Our first gigs were at parties, then some benefits.

M: Then we didn't waste any time and went into the studio.

L: Our first show was totally great. It was probably the first time I had ever seen that many dykes with their shirts off slam-dancing.

M: All these bras and panties flying around and being thrown on stage, people ripping their shirts off...we kept those bras and panties in our storage room for ages.

JF: So how does the writing go, collective? tyrannical?

M: Spontaneous combustion.

L: It just happens, except Breedlove writes the lyrics, all the poetic shit, then we all pretty much contribute to the music.

JF: What inspired you to wear a ten foot, rather ten inch dildo on stage for your delivery of Powerboy, that song about police brutality and homophobia.

LB: Because the line in it goes "you got your night stick, your surrogate dick". I just thought we gotta do something, we got so little talent we got to get ourselves some props, so I went over to Stormy Leather and they had this big old gnarly ugly rubber thang for just \$13., so I said, that's for me.

L: That's slightly more than a dollar an inch.

M: People loved it, they got into it.

L: Yeah, except the straight boys, they tend to look down between their own legs and kind of feel a bit inferior.

JF: Actually, I'm kind of interested in knowing exactly who your audience is?

L: Anybody from record reps to straights, to queers and lots of girls.

JF: Record reps eh? Well girl grunge does seem to be getting noticed by some labels. Babes in Toyland just got a Warner's deal and L7 jumped from Sub-Pop to Slash. Of course there's Thurston Moore's 'fox-core' endorsement...

L: Oh yeah, that was so terrible, that term they use to lump all women's bands into one big pile of nothingness.

M: I think we're too offensive for anyone major, like straight mainstream music biz wouldn't go near us with a ten foot pole.

? They did with Axel Rose.

L: Yeah but he happens to be rabidly heterosexual, male and white.

JF: How bout L7 though?

L: Yeah, they're big time, they've been around for years and they really deserve it.

M: Yeah, they're great, they sell out all the time here.

JF: And they're pretty out there in terms of content?

M: Definitely. They are totally open and cool, and I think they purposely cultivate an ambiguous sexuality.

L: They're very queer positive - like when they played that song Fast and Frightening here in San Francisco, they dedicated it to Tribe 8. And they were all wearing Queer Nation stickers.

JF: What's your favourite breakfast?

LB: Beer and chocolate, yeah, I like that, but I had to give up the beer and chocolate ... for granola!!!

L: Yeah, we're gonna start wearing birkenstocks, indian print skirts and love beads.

M: Yeah, I'm gonna wear them in my cunt.

JF: I think Karen Finley puts a crystal up her butt once in a while.

M: Oh that's nothing. I heard she puts a big old melon up the butt.

LB: Shit man, that would hurt.

M: No but at least a melon's soft and round.

LB: Yeah, and not jagged like a fuckin' crystal.

M: Yeah, but just lube it up and put a glove on it.



JF: Have you had any plastic surgery yet to improve the womanly image of the band?

M: I been thinking about getting a tit job but I haven't done it yet.

L: Yeah, we're all getting scared about the silicone shit cuz you know, we all have em and we figure they're gonna liquidate.

M: Yeah, you wake up one morning and they're on your back.

JF: Tell me about a gig that you really liked.

LB: Fugazi.

All: Yeah!

LB: We practiced for five days straight - we were all so paranoid.

M: The most fun was that Berkley gig, that benefit for People's Park when they wanted to mow it down and make it into a bunch of volley ball courts.

L: But another one was the No Apologies, No Regrets benefit. It was for the people who were arrested during the riots which followed the defeat of the AB 101 amendment which would have given gays legal rights in California, like they couldn't lose their housing or jobs over issues of sexual orientation. Anyway, it turned into this big fight between us and the bar hosting the event who became really worried that we were too controversial and would upset their customers.

M: See we had put out our own leaflet that said "Fuck Pete Wilson, Fuck Frank Jordan, Fuck the Police, Fuck This, Fuck That"

LB: "Fuck Everything, Die Die Die" And some right-wing asshole shows up at the club, Cafe San Disco, waving the flyer and saying "you made a mistake, you don't have your permit yet and we can make life hell for you". So the bar manager calls me and tells us we can't play if we don't take the flyers down right now. She says the police called and said they can't have any punk rock acts playing there because they're too loud. So I made the mistake of telling her I didn't think punk rock was a 'volume level' and that maybe we weren't quite the kind of band she wanted playing at her bar cuz, 'we ain't no fucking lounge act, we're super intense, anarchist, pornography punk rock motherfuckers - we be suckin' dick, we be takin' our clothes off, maybe we better re-think this whole thing'. She said 'fine, don't play'. Then I realized that my ass would be grass if everyone got home from the Grand Canyon and found out we weren't gonna play this gig so I realized I had to start kissing her ass so I said, "what was on those flyers?, oh really, I didn't even know what was on them". Then I told her it would be a real drag if we couldn't play the benefit because we're really into supporting this AB 101 Defense Fund thing, AND, it's in your best interests cuz we can draw hundreds of people and they drink a lot of beer. So she says, okay you can play and the police will look the other way this time.

M: But they told her that she had to agree not to take her top off, no pulling dicks out.

L: And they told her she couldn't suck anything.



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LB: So then we go around and tell all our friends that they got to go to the gig cuz we bragged that we were really big shit, and they had to support the AB 101 thing, right.

Mr: And it was really big, tons of people came out, people we never even saw before. They were yelling, pushing, shoving and slamming. Then they show got cut short and people got pissed off.

L: Yeah, they turned off our sound. It was getting rowdy, but it was the only time in the whole night the place actually rocked. It was great.

All: yeah, that was a great show.

Anyone interested in getting some Tribe 8 music can contact them through L. Mah, 3354 22nd St., San Francisco, CA 94110

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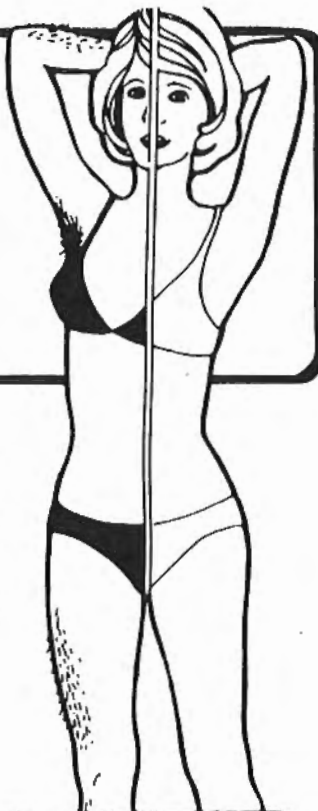
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FINE DINING AT CLAIRE WITH ANNIE AND GLENNDA

Glennnda: So are we gonna write that thing about the time we had brunch with your mom at Claire (that trendy gay restaurant)

Annie: Yeah, but let's not tell them where Claire is. I don't want anybody to know I live in Chelsea. So what'd you think of my mom?

G: Well, I always expect my friends' moms to be mean and close-minded. So you can imagine how surprised I was when she said she was going to see Kate Bornstein's play.

A: Yah, sometimes I think my mom is more aware of gender issues than most of my friends in ACT-up. But I digress..

G: All of our conversations are a digression.

A: Yeah, I guess you're right. So let's talk about the atmosphere.

G: Well, for starters, when we walked in I thought we had accidentally stumbled upon the opening of "For

the Boys".

A: Either that or a staff party for the Shocking Gray catalogue. The food wan't any better either.

G: How 'bout that "appetizer"-kielbasa swimming in grease.

A: You mean drowning! That kielbasa reminded me of those poor seals off the Alaskan coast after the Exxon-Valdez spill.

G: Have you been reading those Greenpeace tracts again?

A: Yeah, well I'm so frustrated with the state of queer activism I've been looking for a new place to channel my energy.

G: Oh. How were your crawfish cakes?

A: Shhh. Glennda, don't mention that, what if someone from my Monday night Animal Liberation Front (ALF) meeting reads this?

G: Oh, I'm sorry Annie, let's change the subject. Your mother really fell for it when I told her you are a big celebrity and get recognized on the street all the time.

A: I think it helped that Alan Clear was our waiter and came over and called us by our first names.

G: Yeah, that was funny. It figures that the only straight man in ActUP would work with a bunch of fags.

But I got a little nervous when he asked us when the next issue of Pussy Grazer was coming out.

A: Nervous? Why were you nervous?

G: Because your sister was sitting there the whole time giving us dirty looks and your mom wouldn't stop asking you when she could see a copy.

A: My god, when I wrote the decoy bed story I never could have imagined that my closeted older sister would stop talking to me after she saw it.

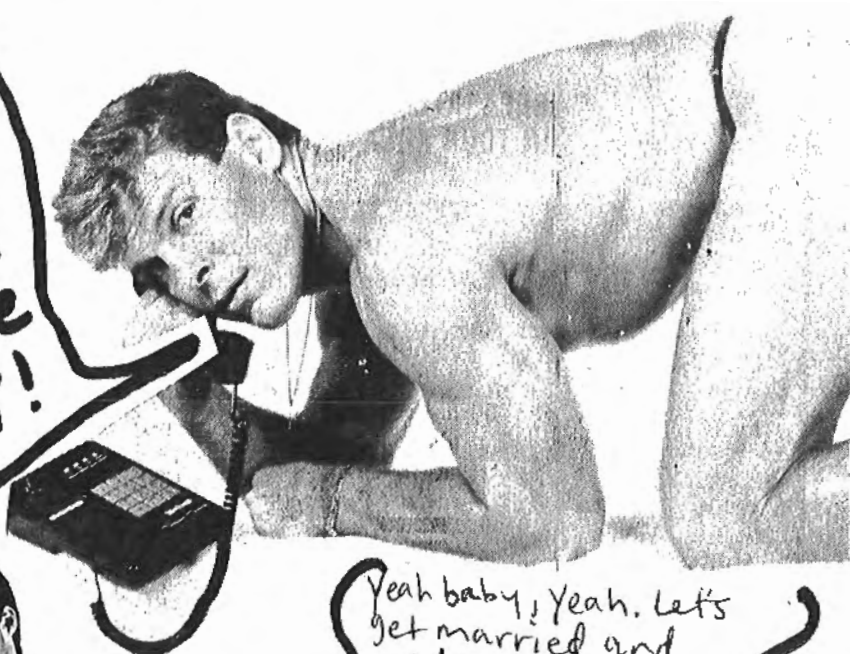
G: Well, if there was ever a doubt in my mind that she hated me, there isn't any more, at least not after she accidentally spilled her cup of steaming Red Zinger tea in my lap when she got up to go to the decoy bathroom.

A: I really hope we can reconcile before she moves to San Francisco with her "roommate" this summer. What time is it?

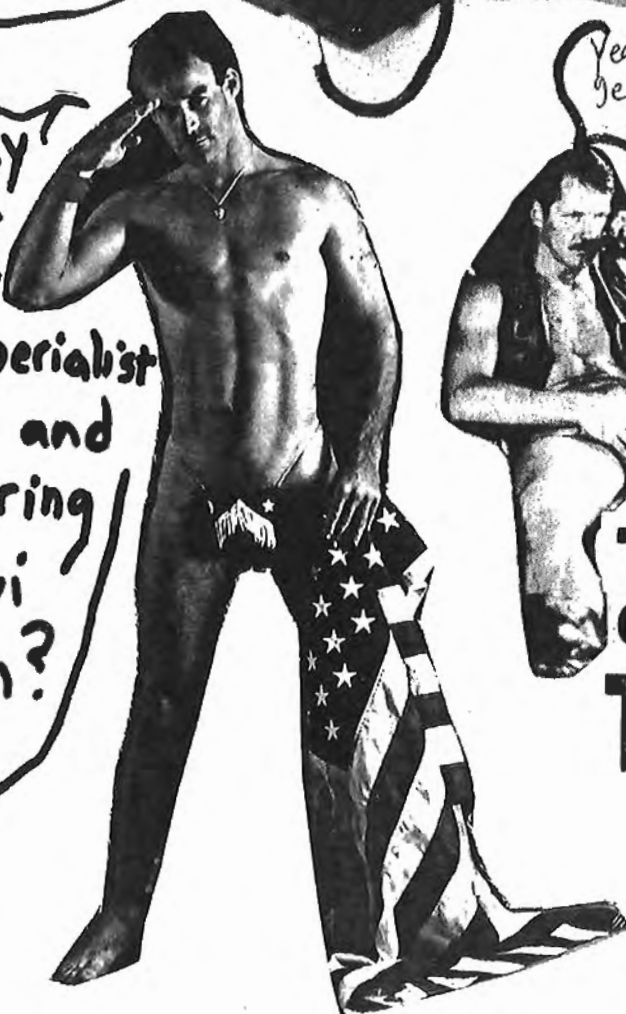
G: Oh shit, it's already 12:30. We're going to miss the matinee of Basic Instinct if we don't leave now.

A: Let's wait a few minutes, that way we'll have an excuse to kick and elbow our way through the picket line of homosexual fundamentalists.

Hey Mary,
Didja hear
the latest?
Catherine
Did IT!



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soldiers
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Iraqi
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'ZINE REVIEWS

by Glennda Orgasm

NYC zine scene

Hissy Fit A very funny premiere issue. Deep thoughts and sexual fantasies as told by the East Village drag scene.

\$4 Aries Love Prod. 64 St. Marks Place #20 NYC 10003

Reverberate Brought to you by Simon the fag. Features a quiz that will help you decide: Are you a big queen? I think it's free: 309 East 8th st. #A1 NYC 10009

Word Extremely individualistic zine. Features include fascinating interviews, cool graphics, and Linda Evangelista's Manifesto. Vinne Vanessa 516 East 11th st. #4B NYC 10009 \$5

Dragnett After you've read your copies of Hothead Paisan 10 times over and you still have a hankering for queer comix, pick up a copy of this drag queen-with-a-mission adventure brought to you by Hedda Lettuce. \$3 46 East 3rd st. #7 NYC 10003

Evil A must to avoid. Actually it's the editor of this rag, Yawn Alexander, who you should avoid. He is possibly the most annoying and obnoxious person on the face of the earth. He actually stood up in a room full of writers at the OutWrite conference and proclaimed "gay people don't read." Fortunately, only in the case of Evil magazine is this statement true.

West Coast scene

Shrimp Gorgeous photos by Ricky Castro of toe-sucking, boys in bondage, Goddess Bunny and the incomparable editor, Vaginal Davis. It's the sexiest zine in the world. \$4 7850 Sunset Blvd. Penthouse suite 110 LA CA 90046

Zack More hot photography from Ricky Castro. The interview with Zack the hustler is incredible. A must read. Rick Castro 1312 North Stanley Ave. LA CA 90046

Riot Gear Clay and Deke are at it again with fab features on Tribe 8, the Riot Crrrls, SF Epicenter, how not to pay taxes, and Deke's porno movie debut. The 1st zine I read on my plane ride from LA to NY. All hail Discordia! POB 190176 SF CA 94119-0176 \$3

Carrie Almost as funny as the editor, Kent Fuher, is in person. Hysterical lesbian expose of Velma and Peppermint

Patty. I hear Kent and Sin Bros.' Jeffrey Hilbert are planning a new project called "Sexy". Should be good. Kent Fuher 1981 Whitley Ave. Hollywood CA 90068 \$2

Olywa scene

Girl Germs By Allison, one of the coolest grrls in the world. Almost as awesome as her band Bratmobile. Lots of great personal stories from real grrls. POB 1473 Olympia, WA 98507



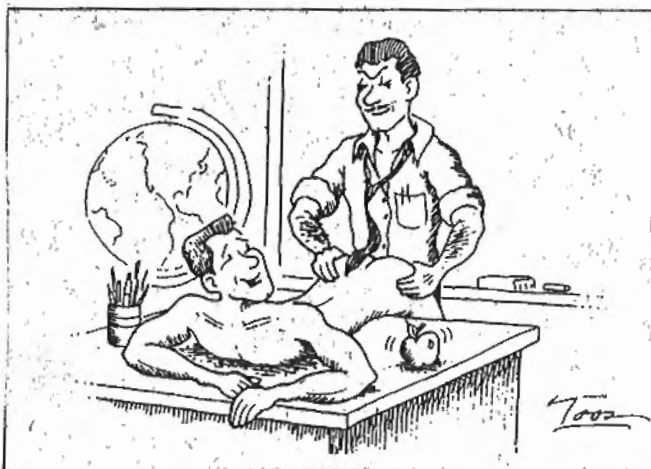
STICK 'EM UP, PARDNER
Our genuine cowhorn footstool is downright great for weary dogies. Four polished horns form the legs. Handmade bench covered in goathide. Each hide is different. Imported from Mexico. Cowhorn Footstool #7060 \$100.

"[WE] ALL LOVE YOUR STYLISH CATALOG. SOMEONE FINALLY PRODUCED A HIGH CALIBER CATALOG, WHICH NOT ONLY APPEALS TO THE GAY AND LESBIAN POPULATION, BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY PORTRAYS US AS POSITIVE SELF-RESPECTING ORDINARY PEOPLE. I WISH YOUR BUSINESS A LONG AND THRIVING SUCCESS. TO HELP YOU ALONG, YOU WILL FIND ENCLOSED AN ORDER FORM AND A CHECK. GOOD LUCK!"
J.R. SAN FRANCISCO, CA



SHOCKING GRAY™

THE CATALOG FOR THE OTHER 25 MILLION PEOPLE



"Honey, the Shocking Gray catalog didn't mention that one could do this on our new desk!"

The crowd was a mixture of faces from ABC No Rio's Hardcore Matinee, pierced and tattooed homopunks, lesbian psycho killers and die-hard fanatics looking weary from their five hour trek from Washington, DC. We had all gathered in the piss-stinky Pyramid Club to hear Bikini Kill and their brand of Revolution Girl Style Now. What a relief.

As we entered the club, we immediately spotted Vicki Starr, DJ and radio personality, and started talking Girl bands and zines, so of course Fifth Column came up. Vicki told us about when GB and Jena were on her show and brought along all of their old Kristy McNichol records. We talked about GB and J.B.s, when suddenly out of the shadows snaked a dark figure who had been lurking in the corner. She started to talk about that gang and eventually about Double Bill. Was there actually someone else in New York (the zine illiterate capital of the world) who knew about zines, we excitedly thought? Gushing about Double Bill, she told us she was mentioned in the premiere issue. Who could she be, this mysterious, lurking friend of Vicki's? "My name is Madame X," she said "how do you know so much about zines?" "Because we do one, Pussy Grazer." Duh. "You do Pussy Grazer," she hissed, venom dripping from her fangs as she pulled a crucifix from her cloak, held it towards us and slithered back into a dark corner. We pulled out our knives and each made a notch in our belt. We had made yet another enemy in New York.

II
Kathi, the mostly bassist, blew bubbles with her wad of Bubblicious. Kathleen bounced across the stage announcing that anyone who gets hassled at a Bikini Kill show could come sit on the stage and be safe from harm (not to mention Madame X.) Tobi played the drums like animal from the Muppets- all power and rhythm.

After the band left the stage, after we caught our breath and collected our thoughts, we set out to meet the band, figuring on mutual respect and admiration, hopefully to get a copy of their tape and that ever-ellusive Bikini Kill zine. We cornered Kathi and Tobi in front of the abandoned coat check and introduced ourselves. Much to our surprise, they both drew big fat blanks on both of us. Honestly though, we could understand their predicament as we know that when you're busy planning the revolution, sometimes you can fall behind in your reading.

III
Its three months and another BK show later, this time with happier results. At the Wetlands BK/Bratmobile/Chia Pet show, Kathi and Kathleen were totally friendly as was the charming, powder-blue wigged Alison Germs, all of whom had by then heard of the Grazer and sent us their zines (see letters pages.) Chainsaw's Donna Dresch was there as were Laura Sister Nobody and a whole bunch of Riot Grrls who have recently relocated to the Big Apple. Bratmobile gave a great performance, led by Alison, obviously riding on the rush she got from having her all-time idol, Joan Jett, come to the show. Alison was doing the Pony all over the stage. Kathleen of Bikini Kill started off her band's set with a slow solo song, accompanying herself on the bass. The she told a story about the evils of anti-porn "feminists" like Andrea Dworkin and Catherine MacKinnon. We don't care how anti-sellout they are, We hope BK gets signed to a big label so that more people can hear their music and message.

As for Chia Pet, featuring Jane Pratt on violin: YAWN CITY! All of their songs were about boyfriends. No one should cover Femme Fatale, especially when the singer wants to be Nico so badly. Hopefully Jane will redeem herself through her new video about sexual harassment which will premiere at the Flesh Histories film and video show at The Kitchen.



Society

To be real is the only way
And I'm as real as they come
So close your eyes
Knot your eardrums
And cut off your fuckin tongue
Who are you to judge me?
If I fuck my girlfriend with a cucumber
Then put it into my gut
Who are you to judge me?
If I pay for a prostitute
Just to douche out her cunt
Who are you to judge me?
If I lap dance a dragqueen
And jerk her off
Who are you to judge me?
If I strap on my 9inches
And a daddy sucks it off
Who are you to judge me?
If I a black gay woman, kisses and caresses the belly of a white
pregnant woman whose husband, who was once Wallstreet, now lives
within your cell, your prison, shooting heroin into his veins
because he wasn't up to standard,

VARGUS 92 (C)

Untitled

My nipples stand like two black children
Outside a church door
Waiting for the Pastor's wife
To bring them burning candles from the altar

My vagina is the church itself
A Baptist church, always packed to the walls
Throbbing, and feeling the sweat
As it runs down the crack in the window

And my rectum, is like a virgin baby
Being baptized for the first time
Opening up to the world of circumcision
And the tightness of pleasure
As the priest handles it with care

VARGUS 92 (C)

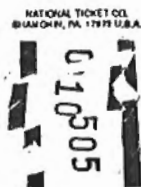
I'm in Guilford, CT Filming my destined
to be classic film SPRING BREAK®

I'm drunk on ~~Coors~~ beer that I drank
at New Haven's fag bar Kurt's.

Actually - Kurt's Bar and Entertainment Center.
Imagine a roller skating rink with
Roy Lichtenstein prints on the wall
and T2 pinball machines. And just a
smattering of neon on the ceiling.

I'm gonna call the place Turd's.
I've never been here and 21 before
at the same time so I just had to
check it out. I was hoping I'd at
least see someone from my
high school there. I only met
a British guy who told me how
much he loved John Major. (electoral
politics discussion inspired by my
Eileen Myles for Prez button)

(Arm band gotten at Turd's - home of acid wash
and LA Gear sneakers)



got anything
on tap?



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Coors® at Turd's

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Black Leaf 40 will kill many pests in your garden. Use it on aphids, leafhoppers, leaf miners, most thrips, young sucking bugs, mealy bugs, lace bugs and similar insects.

Easy to Use—Economical



WAC (Women's Action Coalition): Coalition?

A diverse, non-partisan group of rich, white SoHo artistes wearing black, planning actions against delinquent child-support dodging blue collar dads and denying mothers access to their meetings because strollers aren't allowed at the Drawing Room.

The owner of TILT: He actually had the nerve to tell Trash to take off her strap-on dildo while she was dancing at his club. Feeling a little inadequate below the belt, bud?

*Protect Against
Weeds fight back!*



Diagonal part, used to give height to a round or square face. Also used to give a full one-sided bang.



With my beloved friend Agnes Moorehead during the filming of *The Singing Nun*. I still miss her

In my part as a lesbian, the object of my desire was a dark-haired high school girl with a big nose, a New York accent, and the same obsessive ambition that burned within me. Her name then was

Barbara (three a's, count 'em, three) Streisand. We both knew the play was a joke, but were thrilled to be in it, thrilled to be able to tell agents, "I'm currently performing Off-Broadway in *Sextwood*."

HOLIDAY CUPCAKES (ST. PATRICK'S DAY)

SUGAR, PARTIALLY HYDROGENATED VEGETABLE OIL (SOYBEAN, COTTONSEED), BLEACHED FLOUR, EGGS, NONFAT MILK, CORN STARCH, WATER, CANDY PIECES (SUGAR, MILK, COCOA BUTTER, CHOCOLATE, CORN SYRUP, SOY LECITHIN), MODIFIED FOOD STARCH, YELLOW 5, BLUE 1, COBALT CHLORIDE, CARBON BLACK, VANILLA FLAVOR, GLYCERIDES, LEAVENING (SODIUM ACID PYROPHOSPHATE, SODIUM BICARBONATE, SODIUM PHOSPHATE), SALT, NATURAL & ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS, MODIFIED CORNSTARCH, MONOSORBATE 60, LECITHIN, SORBITAN MONOSTEARATE, CONFECTIONER'S GLAZE, BUTTER, BLUE 1, YELLOW 5.

NET WT. 14 OZ.

UNIT PRICE
PER LB. YOU
PAY
\$3.30 \$2.89



020

THE BRENDA AND GLENDA SHOW



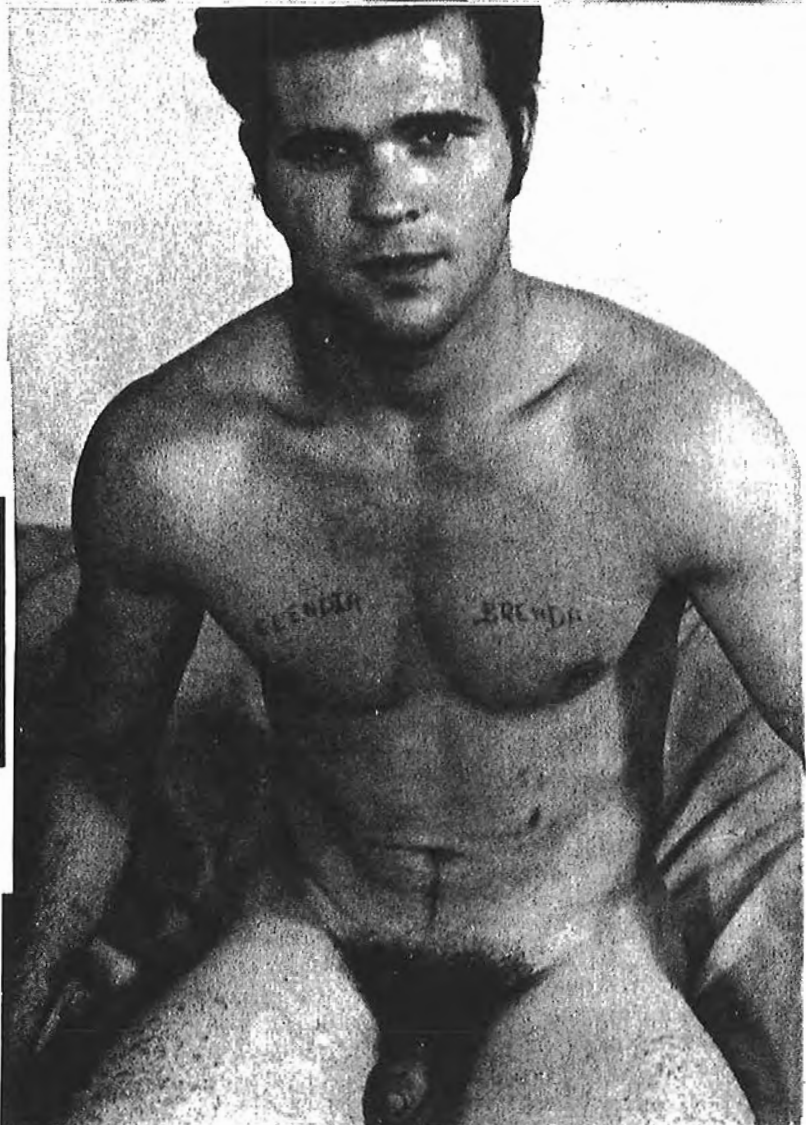
EVERY

MONDAY
8:30pm
CHANNEL 17



MANHATTAN CABLE

A loyal fan
shows off
his tattoos.



SWING CLUBS

...eath of swinging in New York City, it turns out, has exaggerated. On any one night, and on weekends idly, a horde of handsome hump-happy orgy aficionados turn up at Gotham's on-premises clubs or rendezvous at the area's off-premises-only meeting grounds terested couples. The clubs listed here specialize in us swingers only and usually require a membership before joining. Be sure to distinguish between on-premises clubs, with full facilities for swinging at the themselves, and off-premises, which serve only as a meeting pad for sex consummated elsewhere.

PLES, P.O. Box 718, Levittown, N.Y. 11756 (579-3828) is Long Island's couples-only, off-premises club which meets every Saturday night. The of the clientele here is young, hip and sophisticated, but there is no high-pressure push on newcomers in the scene. The \$25 door fee is a good value: It

the bar or tables; a Bud is \$4. Four unattractive girls rotate in shifts of three along the counter. Six girls dance at night. If you buy one a drink, it'll range from \$15 to \$60, but the management seems friendly enough if you prefer to sit and watch. Open until 4 a.m. **!!!**
MICKEY'S, 1769 East Gun Hill Road, in the Bronx, serves food and liquor. An assortment of randy Bronx girls dance down to their G-strings. Open from 11:30 a.m. to the wee hours. **!!!**

PARADISE, 42 W.33rd St. betw. 5th & Broadway; (212-279-0179) is a raunchy new entry onto the midtown scene that boasts bottomless strip bar action up front and touchy-feelie lap-dancing in a VIP lounge in the back. Porn star headliners and specialty nights make it the multi-sexual playground management claims, and

TOPESS BARS

Here are some topless bars where the sight of bare tits a-bouncing can be seen for the price of a beer. Strictly

offers state-of-the-art, 32-channel video straight, gay and bondage erotica. Or zines which cater to the usual array of Video sale prices start at \$12. A sex well-stocked with such amenities as cre and poppers. Open 24 hours. **!!!!**

BOOKSTORES

Below are some of the most versatile, w magazine emporiums in town. Browse

ADULT CENTER, 672 Eighth Ave (212-921-2127), is a thoroughly modern type outlet across from Show World. periodicals appear hot off the presses. A dildos, blow-up dolls and sex aids lines prices range from \$20 to \$64 for new re 18 multi-channel video booths. Dommophiles, is the "Male Follies" which it

gay video borous staff o
INES (A&S 77), is the finuge inventoack issues ofos issues, \$1Nugget, Swc\$5, while 1\$5. Tits & assand '70s arelie mags fromLife, Look, Sfanazines, pothey pay 10les, or 75¢ tmore. Open day. **!!!!**S, 250 W. 42ook Center aore magazinoids, rubbereral previewack can beits entirety., which usur

8 Seventh A
nized, little
he block for
ro and Britis
mostly in plastic bags, plus one of the ries of tv and bondage materials in NY perback selections. Open Monday thr to 1 a.m.; Sunday from 1 p.m. to 9 p.m. **KINEMATICS, 61 W. 37th St. betw. Aves. (212-944-7561)**, is unlike any the nation. Taking an almost scholarly merchandise, Kinematics' special wrestling, spanking and bondage videiodicals. Much of the merchandise, catalogs, is rare and obscure, from snported from Britain. Private screening able for previewing tapes at \$8 per hall hour. Kinematics also features excep comfortable 32-channel video peeps. \$12. Open Mon. thru Fri., 11 a.m. to



l in the meatpacking district on the west side, with v scene regulars providing entertainment and thrills zombie-like horde of stalking jerk-off voyeurs. The al action calls up images of Dante's Inferno as is plead to masturbate in front of imperious mis-es, only to be scornfully refused. Exchange of body is strictly discouraged here in favor of a more eel—but more bizarre—form of acting out. The is open Thursdays and Sundays from 8 p.m. to 3 and Fridays and Saturdays from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. sion on Thursdays and Sundays is \$20 for male members, \$15 for male members and free for ladies biological and otherwise. On Fridays and Saturdays sion is \$30 for male non-members, \$25 for male thers and \$10 for women and dressed transvestites.

Sun., 2 p.m. to 4 a.m. **!!!**
DUMBARTON OAKS, 7301 37th Road, in trisection at B'way & 73rd in Queens (718-429-9475), contains a large, rectangular bar surrounding a platform where attractive dancers rotate in half-hour sets. A 7-oz. Bud is \$3.75. Dumbarton Oaks features a loud heavy-metal juke box. Open from noon to 4 a.m. weekdays; 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. weekends. **!!!**
EMMI'S TAVERN, 901 Second Ave., corner of 39th St., in Brooklyn (718-499-4375), is a lively local establishment featuring dancers on an elevated runway. Such amusements as pinball, bowling games and pool also available. Topless only Wednesday thru Friday, 4 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Saturday from 4 p.m. to 4 a.m. Moderate drink prices; a Bud costs \$2.75. **!!!!**